



THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee. Jessie Busley in "The Bishop's Carriage."

ORPHEUM—Tomorrow evening and all week, matinee every day except Monday, vaudeville.

GRAND—This evening and throughout the week, matinee Wednesday and Saturday, "Joshua Simkins."

LYRIC—Saturday evening, vaudeville.

Tomorrow night the theatrical season of the Salt Lake theatre will be inaugurated by the return of one of last season's most successful attractions, Miss Jessie Busley in Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michaelson's story, "In the Bishop's Carriage." Miss Busley proved a revelation to the theatre-goers of this city when she appeared here last season, and the play "In the Bishop's Carriage" serves adequately the purpose of providing entertainment for those who like strong, natural plays, played by good actors, and plenty of heart interest, and the phantom of a psychological problem. It is a variant of the Leah Kleschna and Raffles, themes with much virtue in construction, and any quantity of brightness of dialogue and tenseness of situation. The play opens just after Nance Olden has robbed Edward Ramsay, the tipsy brother, at the Grand Central station, and has made her escape in Bishop Van Wagon's carriage. The good bishop, in his solitude for the girl whose brain he believes to be affected, and who has won his kindly heart by pretending to mistake him for her father, takes her to the Pelham home of his friend, Mrs. Ramsay. Nance goes willingly enough, little expecting that she is being taken to the home of the man she has just robbed, or that she will find there her friend, Tom Dorgan, playing the role of waiter and keeping his eyes and pockets open for any stray articles of value that may be left lying about. The only one of the party at Ramsay's who sees through Nance's and Tom's little game is Latimer, an up-to-date man of the world, with plenty of money and too much leisure, which he devotes chiefly to the study of criminology. Interested as he is in the subject, he is particularly attracted to Nance. He compels Nance and Dorgan to disgorge their thefts, thereby gaining hatred of

the man, but as he also permits them to depart unmolested, he gains the thanks of the girl. In the next act Nance exhibits her gratitude by admitting Dorgan to Latimer's apartments, whither she has come to be reformed, but Latimer catches them in the act of looting his rooms and turns the man over to the police.

A real treat is promised Orpheum patrons next week, when the popular playhouse enters on its third week of advanced vaudeville. The program contains a list of attractions that are said to be all-star headliners. First, there is "The Stunning Grenadiers," headed by Meredith Meredith and Maud Carbett. Wherever they have performed they have caused little short of a sensation in amusement circles. There are six girls in the company, all of whom are noted for their beauty and comeliness. They are all an even six-foot tall, no more, no less, just six feet tall each of them. It required much patient labor to get the aggregation together, as they are girls picked from several hundred who were tried out in London, England. Their singing and marching drill is said to be something entirely out of the ordinary, and has made good in two continents, and Salt Lake is indeed fortunate in having a chance to see this production, as it is really one of the truly big acts on the circuit.

James Niel and Edith Chapman present a new and thoroughly entertaining playlet entitled, "The Lady Across the Hall," and the press notices say they are not only able, talented actors, but their play is one of the best short plays on the stage.

Billy Gaston and Ethel Green will be seen in "Bits of Musical Comedy." These people are late from "Babes in Toyland" and "The Wizard of Oz," which is in and of itself a recommendation that gives assurance that they are high-grade performers.

Jarvis are a pair of French equilibrist who have won fame in Europe and America with their astoundingly perfect balancing work. Then Gartelle Brothers show up the funny as well as artistic side of roller skating. They appeared here last season and are favorably remembered.

Charles B. Ward is billed as the original Bowers boy, and promises to "deliver his part of the goods." Willard Weihe and the orchestra have a new musical program, and the knodrome is supplied with new films, so the prospects for an enjoyable evening at the Orpheum next week are mighty bright.

The "Joshua Simkins" company, with a fine brass band and splendid orchestra, will be seen at the Grand, one week with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, starting this evening. The play is made of fun and realism, combining the pleasing features of realistic melodrama and the ever-popular rural play. The character sketches are said to be very clever, while there is an abundance of good music, singing and dancing in it. Those lovable old country characters are introduced and their sayings and doings create much amusement. The company comes to us recommended as a good one throughout. The sawmill scene in the third act is said to be wonderfully realistic, a genuine circular saw being seen in motion, with Uncle Josh's son lashed to a log by the villains and started toward the glittering teeth of the rapidly revolving saw.

There will be something doing in vaudeville when the Lyric theatre throws open its doors next Saturday night, Aug. 31, and Manager Bert C. Donnellan prophesies a most prosperous fall and winter season, as he declares that Sullivan & Considine will deliver the goods to the public over their circuit. Goods that are "all wool and a yard wide"—the finest in the business.

The theatre has undergone a thorough renovation and everything that the management could think of to add to the comfort of the patrons of the Lyric has been completed.

One more new place of amusement will open up in the city tomorrow, situated on West Temple street, between First and Second South, and will be called the Family theatre, and the intention of the management is to cater to first-class trade and present only



"The Stunning Grenadiers," headliners at the Orpheum this week.

the highest class of illustrated songs and motion pictures to its patrons.

Vaudeville will also be introduced, and the performances will be given continuously each day from 11 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night. "An ideal place for ideal people" is to be the policy of the management.

MRS. IRVING'S COMPLIMENT TO EDWIN BOOTH'S HAMLET

In one of the restaurants the other night a group of actors was comparing notes as to what, in their experience, had been the cruellest cut ever administered to an actor with regard to one of his own performances, says the New York Sun. Finally, after several stories had been told of an old English actor, who had been quietly listening to the other men's stories, said:

"I know this story is true because I happen to have been one of the very few persons who saw the letter. When Edwin Booth played his famous engagement in London, I was a member of his company. Mr. Booth and Henry Irving became fast friends. Quite apart from the professional suppers and banquets which were given in Booth's honor, he and Irving used to have long chats in their dressing rooms after the performances. One night Booth, who was playing a shorter bill, dropped in at Irving's theater and sat in the English actor's dressing room while he was dressing for the street. Mrs. Irving and her two sons, then mere youngsters, had been in front at Irving's performance that night, and shortly after Booth arrived Irving's valet came in with a note which he handed to his master, saying, 'Mrs. Irving sent this up, sir.'"

"Without glancing at the address, Irving tore open the note and read it; then, with one of those grim, saturnine smiles which often illumined his face when something had occurred which hurt and yet amused him, he turned to Booth and said: 'Huh! Huh! My dear Booth, a thousand pardons. I see that this note from my wife has miscarried. It's intended for you.' He passed the

note to Booth without another word, and while he read it Irving, keeping the tail of his eye on the American, stood in front of the mirror arranging his tie.

"The note from Mrs. Irving ran as follows: 'My Dear Mr. Edwin Booth—Might I ask you to send me three stalls for next Tuesday night? My two sons, Lawrence and Henry, are at home from school just now and before you leave England I am most anxious that they should see a real Hamlet.'"

Lord Althorpe, the present lord chamberlain of London, receives \$10,000 a year, and his dramatic censor, or examiner of plays, George A. Redford, about \$4,000, explains W. G. Fitz Gerald in Harper's Weekly. The censor is a permanent official of the lord chamberlain's office. Mr. Redford has now held the post for several years, having also advised his chief's predecessor, the Earl of Clarendon.

The law says that one copy of every new play, prologue or epilogue, or addition thereto, intended for production in any theater in Great Britain, must be sent to the lord chamberlain's office in St. James' palace at least seven days before it is first acted, and he may refuse a license if he considers it fitting for him to do so. Nor is there any appeal against his decision. The examiner of plays is the one autocrat in the three kingdoms. He has absolute power, without restriction, to destroy the property, and in some cases to damage the reputation, of a certain class of his fellow citizens.

The penalty for the disobedience is severe. Not only is a fine of \$250 levied on any person who presents a piece either before it has been licensed or subsequent to its being vetoed, but the license of the theater where it is presented is entirely withdrawn and the building closed. Further, any one who gives information about an unlicensed performance is entitled to half the fine of \$250.

Five and a quarter dollars is the charge made for licensing a one-act play, and \$10.50 for two acts or more. The institution has been fiercely attacked ever since it was established. The late examiner of plays, E. F. Smyth Pigott, was contemptuously referred to by playwrights as a "walking compendium of insular prejudice."

"I have studied Ibsen's plays pretty carefully," this censor used to say, "and all his characters appear to me morally deranged. All the heroines are dissatisfied spinsters who look upon marriage as a monopoly, and as for the men, they are all rascals or imbeciles." Moreover, this remarkable critic declared he had licensed Ibsen's dramas simply because he thought them "too absurd to do any harm."

For many years the British dramatic censor has been far from a brilliant personality. One critic of his described him as "a well connected mediocrity turned into the czar of the theater, and able to do things which no prime minister dare do." According to the official estimate of the lord chamberlain's office, in ninety-eight out of every hundred plays submitted no question of morals is raised at all. The censor has nothing to do but read the drama, pocket his \$10.50, and duly license the performance.

The present holder of the office, as is well known, absolutely refused to license "Monna Vanna," "Oedipus Rex," "The Conel," as well as "Ghosts," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "La Citta Morta." But not one of these raised the uproar caused by the official veto put upon the ever delightful "Mikado."

A Theatrical Ballad of 8:15 P. M.

(Harvey Peake in The Bohemian.)
The lights begin to play,
The lights are low, the playhouse dim,
Extended coupons on display
Are grabbed by ushers with a vim.
Each red plush seat with brass bound rim
Falls with a snap and says: "Its mean
To be sat on by gay or grim
Six nights a week at 8:15!"

Hatpins are drawn in hurried way,
And many a tower with flaring brim
Comes down to please the folks who pay
To see the stage and not a trim.
Quick jerks at either nether limb
Remove gum shoes, make gloves unclean;
Still in gay smiles and talk they swim
Six nights a week at 8:15!

"Who's that with Maud in Section A?"
"In act the third she marries Jim."
"He's run the business since last May."
"For short-sleeved gowns she's much too slim."
"Here comes an usher; I'll ask him."
"It looks like common red sateen."
Thus talk runs on, coy, spiteful, prim,
Six nights a week at 8:15!

L'ENVOI.
Oh, Audience, whose ways I hmn,
I watch you with an interest keen.
You're half the show! I note each whim
Six nights a week at 8:15!

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FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Mabel Hite is credited with this list of actors' superstitions:

Henry Dixey—Never walks behind a woman in crossing a street.

Lillian Russell—Never enters a street car by the rear door.

E. H. Sothern—Never enters the theatre by the stage door—always goes in the front way.

Mme. Schumann-Heink—Always wears about her neck while on the stage a gold trinket given her by Frau Wagner at Baireuth.

Alice Nielson—Never wears jewels on her right hand.

DeWolf Hopper—Always recites at least one verse of "Casey at the Bat" before entering a ball park, so that his team will win.

David Warfield—Never puts his hat on the bed.

Alice Fiske—Will never open an umbrella in the house.

Weber and Fields—Never opened a new show on any day but Thursday.

Richard Mansfield—Always puts on his left shoe first and always enters his dressing room with left foot first.

Mrs. Leslie Carter—Always dresses for her first part first and then puts on her make-up.

Raymond Hitchcock—Wears a thumb ring and bracelet marked "misphah."

An amusing echo of the Actors' Fund fair is the experience of Francis Wilson and a single chance he took. Toward the end of the fair Mr. Wilson dropped into the Metropolitan opera house and presently encountered two actresses who were associated with him in the days when "Erminie" was popular—Miss Pauline Hall and Miss Jennie Wetherbee.

The three professionals stopped for a brief impromptu reunion, in the midst of which a young woman, unknown to the trio, stepped up and begged Mr.

Wilson to take a chance on a grand piano. The comedian, busily engaged in recalling old days, took the chance, scarcely realizing that he had done so, and presently went home to New Rochelle.

A half-hour after midnight on Tuesday, while Mr. Wilson was deep in slumbers in New Rochelle, Miss Hatfield Williams, at the Metropolitan opera house, drew the number which was to tell who won the piano.

And Alf Hayman announced that it went to Francis Wilson.

"Bernard Shaw is drunk with ink," said Arnold Daly, coming from an interview with the author, in a recent declaration to some London reporters for American newspapers. "I have told him so. He must, if he is to survive, forget himself and return to the exercise of his great talent."

Just what effect Daly's telling him so had on Shaw has not yet been manifested, but we have yet had Shaw's own report of the meeting with his chief American apostle. But preceding that meeting was a little exchange of dialogue, in which Daly took part with Wilton Lackaye. It was in New York City, shortly before the former sailed.

"I am," he said to Lackaye, "going to see Shaw and tell him what I think of him. He needs a calling down."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Lackaye. "Only Arnold lock the door when you go in to him."

"Why?" asked Daly, amazed.

"Then," replied Lackaye, "there will be none to see or hear what he does to you."

Daly tried to offset the laugh that followed by asking, in mock fear:

"But how, with the door locked, shall I get out if he get violent?"

"Through the keyhole," snapped Lackaye, listening like "Yorik" be small enough when he gets started."

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A scene from "In the Bishop's Carriage." The arrest of Tom Dorgan.